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AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION

Farm accident dramatization prepared by the National Safety Council and produced by the U. S. Department of Agriculture. Recorded May 28, 1945. Time: 5 minutes, 38 seconds.

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TRANSCRIPTION.

This is National Farm Safety Week...a time for focusing attention on prevention of accidents on the farm. And this year, especially, prevention of farm accidents is something to think about — in view of the fact that farmers are out to meet the highest crop production goals of the war years with fewer people in the ranks of farm labor.

What's that you say? "Don't worry about me, I can take care of myself."

Well - all right. But sometimes we're a little bit careless:

Take the case of George Jones -- that's really not his name. But that's what we'll call him.

George and his wife Edna are working a rented farm -- and looking ahead to the time they can buy it.

It's having time on their place. The first cutting is on the ground. A thunder storm is blowing up from the west, as George drives the loaded key rack up to the barn.

GEORGE: Whoa, Maud! Whoa, Bill! Whoa!

SOUND: DISTANT THUNDER

GEORGE: Steady there -- Whoa, Bill -- steady!

EDNA: It's going to storm -- you better get off that wagon.

GEORGE: Bill's always a little skittish when it thunders.

EDNA: Maybe I'd better hold him.

GEORGE: Oh, he'll be all right.

EDNA: George, this harness needs fixing -- this left tug's almost in two.

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GEORGE: It'll last through the haying season. I'll fix it some day!

SOUND: THUNDER AND CRASH OF LIGHTNING

GEORGE: Bill -- Whoa Bill -- Maud -- Whoa!

EDNA: Stop --- Stop! (SCREAMS)

SOUND: ANOTHER CRASH OF THUNDER

EDNA: Are you hurt? Speak to me -- George!

GEORGE: I -- I can't more --

EDNA: What'll I do?

GEORGE: Phone Doc. Harper -- and be quick, Edna!

NARRATOR: His wife had to leave him lying there -- while she phoned. It was two hours before she could reach the Doctor. He called an ambulance and carried George to the hospital.

There Edna waited while they took X-Ray pictures. Then -- the Doctor came out of the consulting room --

SOUND: DOOR OPEN AND SHUT

DOCTOR: I'm sorry to tell you this Mrs. Jones but ---

EDNA: Is it -- is it bad?

DOCTOR: His back is broken.

EDNA: But he'll be all right -- won't he?

DOCTOR: Everything that can be done is being done. You can see him now — but don't stay long.

SOUND: DOOR OPEN

EDNA: How are you -- George --

GEORGE: I'm -- all right -- but the hay --

EDNA: Don't you worry -- the neighbors'll help out -- and you'll be -- back home -- in no time!

NARRATOR: The time passed mighty slow in that hospital room. Edna and the children got in to see George on Sundays. The neighbors pitched in and got the crops out of the fields — even though they were short-handed themselves.

It was time to cut corn when George got out of the hospital.

EDNA: You walk fine -- you're just a little weak that's all. You'll get over that.

GEORGE: Sit down, Edna -- I got something to say.

EDNA: All right -

GEORGE: I think you ought to know -- Doc. say I won't ever farm again. I can walk -- But I can't lift or push -- I'm no good anymore.

EDNA: Yes, you are. You're going to be all right. We got through the summer that was the worst. It's bound to be better.

GEORGE: All right, Edna - we'll try.

NARRATOR: A woman can try — but there's work on a farm a woman can't do. George and Edna found that out. The neighbors did all they could. But the corn was still standing in the field — when one day the owner of the farm came out to see George.

BAILEY: You look fine, - fine.

GEORGE: Hello, Mr. Bailey.

EDNA: Have a chair.

BAILEY: I hate to bring this up to you folks -- but I'm going to have to sell the place.

GEORGE: We always aimed to buy it, Mr. Bailey.

BAILEY: And you get the first bid -- you know that.

GEORGE: Accidents cost money, Mr. Bailey -- those hospital bills -- well, you see, the fact is that accident last summer took most of the money we put aside for payment on the farm.

BAILEY: I know it's been tough -- but I want to sell the farm. I'd like to so you folks buy it --

GEORGE: But we haven't the money--now.

BAILEY: I'm mighty sorry, folks, mighty sorry!

AUCTIONEER: Friends, welcome to this big closing out sale! You're doing yourself a real favor by coming here today. There's a fine lot of farm machinery up for sale. Now, where in the whole county would you find a tractor or combine in such A-l shape? Also, we'll sell three milk cows, a team of horses, a brooder house, and other items too numerous to mention. So, don't be afraid to bid, folks -- let's send George Jones to town with some money in his pocket.

GEORGE: Cono on, kids -- get in the car. We're leaving.

EDNA: It's so quiet without the stock, isn't it?

GEORGE: Where's little Eadie.

EDNA: Where is that child anyway! Eadie! There she is -- dragging the cat along. Eadie, you can't take the cat to town!

GEORGE: Let her alone, Edna. Get in, Baby — we'll make a place for the cat somehow — somehow we'll make a home. Get in the car, kids!

SOUND: CAR DOOR SLAMS -- CAR STARTS -- UP FULL THEN OUT

NARRATOR: So — the Jones' had to leave the farm — because of that accident. Last year George was only one of nearly a million and a half farm people involved in accidents. They were 1944's casualties on the Farm Front. Casualties that a little extra care might have prevented.

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